

## Partners in Crime by DoctorpooandtheTURDIS

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**Summary:**

Police Officer Jane Walsh is stuck in a loveless marriage, a dull career, and a hopeless downward slope. Until, that is, a rather energetic person is locked up for the night, and he turns out to be just the thing she needs to spice her life up.



# 1. Chapter 1

If there's one thing that could be said about Jane Walsh nee Hopper, it was that she was a tough woman. She'd clawed, kicked, punched, and climbed her way to where she is now. It was a hard, long fight... but she made it. As it stood now, she had it all. A nice house, a husband, a good, stable job as a police officer...

Yet, she still wasn't happy.

Hadn't been for... quite some time, actually. Not that was her fault, to be fair. The problem with marrying someone you fell for in high school, that person changed quite a bit over time as they matured, and Troy was no exception. He'd gone from the one to... a total cuntbag.

But... Jane held her tongue. The last thing she wanted was a divorce, and all the mess that came with it.

So, she threw herself into her work most days. Troy didn't even like her doing that, all he wanted was a trophy really, someone pretty to fuck whenever the urge took him, but she remained steadfast in her push to be at least a small bit independent.

And so, she was here now. In the station, filing paperwork. Most cop shows got it wrong... most people in general got it wrong, actually. Most days *weren't* tracking down ne'er-do-wells, getting into high-speeds chases, or foiling thefts, but just filing paperwork, like an office job. It made sense, when you thought about it. The police was just another government department, really, and those departments were filled with enough red tape to mummify someone.

Still, the stacks of papers were a welcome distraction. Jane took her time going through each one, only glancing up at the clock to see if she could still get away with lingering for another half-hour.

The door opened as Harrington came in, dragging someone along with him, before throwing him into the cell.

"Stay there." Steve ordered the other man sternly. "If you're lucky,



you'll post bail pretty quick."

"Yeah, thanks." The other one shot back. "See ya."

Steve nodded, turning to exit, before flashing a smile at Jane on his way out. "M'lady."

Jane returned it, before going back to her paperwork. As she worked, she glanced out of the corners of her eyes at the new arrival. He was quite an average-looking dude, quite tall and gangly. His hair was a little bit on the short side, all rustled out of place, and his suit had obviously seen better days, looking all sorts of raggedy.

"...So, what are you in for?" The guy suddenly spoke, and Jane shot him a look in response. "Sorry, bad joke?"

"A joke implies there's structure," Jane replied, turning her head back down, "That was an ironic statement. Not a particularly funny one."

"Oh, wow, look here, we got ourselves an English major!" The man chuckled, rather humorously instead of biting. "I'm Will. Will Byers."

Jane glanced back at him. "...Officer Walsh."

"Really?" Will blinked. "Walsh... Walsh... you don't look like a Walsh."

Jane shook her head in exasperation. Already, the idiot was starting to get on her nerves. "It's my *last* name."

"Really, what's your first? Hold up, don't answer that-" Will held up his hand. "I'm guessing you're an... Eleanor..." He frowned, as Jane shot him a sardonic look. "Helen? Éclair?"

"Jane." She corrected.

"Oh..." Will blinked. "Well, I was close. Say..." He suddenly leaned on the bars. "How long can I expect to be stuck in here?"

"Depends." Jane monotonously answered. "What did you do?"



“Well...” Will licked his lip. “A previous... friend of mine got a bit touchy-feely with a lady on the street. She didn’t want it, he wouldn’t back off, so I kicked his ass.”

“Hm...” Jane frowned. Probably *not* likely... but in any event, she’d find out once the paperwork crossed her desk, so she decided to just humor her for now. “Well, her testimony would certainly help... but we’ve got to keep you here overnight, at *least*.”

“Ah, okay...” Will slowly nodded, looking disappointed. “Oh, hey, you wanna see a card trick?”

Jane looked at him, “No.”

“Come on, I’m gonna be stuck in here with nothing else to do!” Will pleaded, taking a deck of cards out of his pocket. “And you’re just scribbling stuff down there!”

Jane looked down at the otherwise blank sheet of copy paper, noticing that she was just scribbling in a vain attempt to try to stretch out the time, but...

“Fine.” Jane capitulated. Might as well pass the time.

“Okay,” Will shuffled his cards, “Lemme just shuffle these up right quick... All right.” He divvied the stack into three separate stacks, placing them on the flat gap in the bars. “Now, take the top card from the center, place it face up on either side, then repeat it for the opposite side.”

Jane frowned, keeping her eye on him, even as she followed his instructions. “All right...”

“Now, the card at the top of that middle stack is your card. Commit it to memory, but don’t tell me.” Will instructed, covering his eyes, “And after you’re done, just put it back anywhere in the middle stack.”

Jane nodded, noting the card to be the Ace of Spades, before sticking it back. “Okay,” She said, giving Will cause to remove his hand.

“All right, now-“ Will took the top facing cards, putting them back



face down, placing the middle stack in middle, and the last stack on top. "Go ahead and shuffle this four times."

Jane's brow furrowed curiously, wondering what sort of card trick this was. Most were just card counting, but this one was totally removed from the performer's hand. How was that supposed to work?

"Okay," Will took it back, "Now..." He started to look through the deck. "I get three chances to find your card, but, all I need is one..." He boasted, grabbing one. "Your card!" He proclaimed, holding up the King of Diamonds.

Jane crossed her arms. "No."

"What!?" Will looked at it in alarm. "Oh, son of a bitch. Okay, it's okay!" He quickly corrected himself, disposing of the card. "This is fine." He took the card at the bottom, placing it at the top of the deck. "Now, I do believe *this* is your card!" He held up the seven of hearts.

The corners of Jane's mouth tilted up in a little smug smile. "Nope. Try again!"

"Oh, come on!" Will groaned, repeating the last process for this one. "All right, last try. Your card!" This time, it was the two of clubs.

Jane just shook her head.

"Oh, god damn it!" Will sighed. "Well... I give up. What *was* your card?"

Jane shrugged. "Ace of Spades."

"Ah..." Will nodded. "Well, I tell you what; Hold out your fist, please?"

Jane frowned, doing so, as he placed the small, thin deck of disposed cards in her hand.

"Now, squeeze down on it."



He took a breath, slapping the cards, leaving only one in her hand. "Now, look."

Jane turned it over, and was- "Holy shit!" met with the Ace of Space. "How the hell-?"

Will chuckled, taking a small bow. "Just a little bit of stage magic."

Jane opened her mouth to respond, when her phone began to ring. She sighed, picking it up.

*"Where the hell are you?"*

"Still at work, Troy." Jane answered. "I'll be heading out of here in a minute."

*"You'd better, I'm hungry as hell. Pick something up on the way home, none of that dollar-menu shit."* He ordered, hanging up immediately.

Jane sighed, putting her phone away, knowing already that it was going to be a fight no matter what happened. "Well, that's me, gone." She turned around, grabbing her stuff to head out.

"Oh..." Will blinked, downcast. "Well, I'll... see you tomorrow, I guess?"

"Yeah, sure." She replied ambivalently.

Will sighed, sitting down on the cot, settling in for a long night.



## 2. Chapter 2

The next day quickly came, and as usual, Jane got up first, quickly getting into her work clothes after getting a shower. She always felt dirty after sleeping next to Troy. There had once been a time where that hadn't been the case, a time where the two were like any other teenagers in love.

Of course, when you're a teenager, most of the time 'in love' meant 'deliriously horny,' and once you came out on the other side... you'd find that no matter how attractive the other person was, they weren't someone you wanted to spend an extended period of time around.

Jane didn't care anymore, truthfully. She was *long* past the point of caring. Though it had only been Nine years, at the most, she was still at her wits' end. Nine years stuck in this... sham with Troy from right when they turned eighteen, to now. God, it was such a huge mistake...

As soon as they were out of there, Troy got a big helping of the 'welcome to the real world' juice, where he found out no matter how popular he'd been in high school, how much terror he thought he instilled with his presence, none of that meant jack shit in the working world. And, predictably, he took it out on Jane.

Had it been anybody else, she would've tried to salvage it. But Troy was... a piece of *work*.

Why... she remembered one night...

*"You need to calm down!" Troy bellowed. "I know you've been drinking, and it's making you agitated, but you need to sit down and relax!"*

*"ME!?" Jane furiously replied. "I've had one shot! ONE! You're the one over there who just went through half a twelve pack in one sitting!"*

*"No, no, no!" Troy pointed vehemently. "Don't you talk to me like that! I'm an adult and this is my house!"*

*"Try again!" Jane dared him. "You don't pay for shit around here! I'm*



*the one whose name is on the place, I'm the one who pays the bills!"*

*"It's fifty-fifty!"*

*"No, it's not!" Jane snarled. "This house, your car, all that money you blow spending on god-knows-what, it all comes from me!" She threw her hands down, getting up. "I'm going to work!"*

*"That's right, run!" Troy yelled after her. "You know I'm right!"*

Jane shook her head, wondering why she didn't just throw him out on the street already...

Finishing up, she headed out, going down to the station

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When she got in, she immediately headed for her desk by the cells, as was standard procedure. Sitting down, she began to work, until after a few moments, something moved out of her peripheral vision.

"Hey hey!" Will croaked, still waking up. "Officer Walsh. Good morning!"

Jane glanced at him, wondering how someone who just spend the night in prison could be in such a good mood. "Mister Byers. Good morning." She wished him nonetheless.

"Aw, come on," Will sat up, stretching, "Last name basis?"

"You just called me Officer Walsh." She pointed out, quite correctly.

"Well, you're a woman in a position of authority." Will shrugged. "Mom always taught me to respect women *and* people who were in authority, you're both, so hey finally getting some mileage out of those lessons."

"She sounds smart." Jane remarked. That was rule one to staying out of any sort of trouble, really. Act meek and turn your head, and people would leave you alone. She wished she'd followed *that* rule more than a few times. If she had, maybe she wouldn't have caught Troy's attention, they wouldn't have made those **stupid** choices, and



maybe she'd be settled down with someone she could actually love, like Henderson, or Wheeler, or even Harrington instead.

Evidently, she'd zoned out for a moment, because Will tapped on the bars, grabbing her attention again. "Penny for your thoughts?"

Jane turned, looking him up and down. "Wondering how a nice guy like you ended up in here."

"Me?" Will huffed. "I already told you. Saw a guy on the street trying to have his way with a lady, I stepped in."

"Really?" Jane crossed her arms. "Last night you said he was your friend."

"Did I?" Will blinked. "Oh, yeah, that was... sarcasm." He sniffed.

"So," Jane pointed at him with her pen, "You saw a random man on the street, in the middle of the night, getting a bit too close to a random woman, and you just *assumed* rape?"

Will snorted. "Hard to take it as anything else when the girl was begging for help and the guy was all 'back off buddy, this doesn't concern you.'" He deepened his voice, trying to sound like a thug. He turned away somewhat, however, becoming downcast. "Asshole got away though." He grunted.

Jane tilted her head. "How so?"

"Douchebag punched me out," Will spat, "When I came to, the lady was standing over me and he was gone... oh, and the sirens were going."

"Did he-?"

"No, no, I don't think he did anything to her after that." Will answered. "I was only out for a few seconds, and when he was beating the tar out of me, she went into a nearby building to call you guys."

"Really..." Hm, they might need to call the woman in for questioning, try to build a profile on the attacker, if he was still out



there. "What happened to him?"

Will shrugged. "Hell if I know... Hope the fucker's keeping himself up all night worrying the cops are about to kick down his door."

Jane chuckled. "Oh, most probably." She replied. "I'll give you a little tip, Will... you can run from the cops, but you can't hide from us forever."

"...So, that song by 'The Police' is true?"

Jane blinked. "Excuse me?"

"Every breath you take, and every move you make, I'll be watching you?"

Jane spluttered, laughing. "Yes, I suppose it is."

"Cool, cool-" Will nodded.

"Byers-" Wheeler entered the room, handing Will a phone. "Call for you."

Will blinked, straightening up. "A call?" He repeated, taking the phone.

Jane, admittedly, was also a bit curious about the call as well. Not that it was any of her business, but she wondered who'd be calling Will.

"Hello?" Will asked, before sighing. "Yeah, Jon, I'm- I *know*." He stressed. "No, I didn't start *anything*. I'm not crazed attacker, Jon, I saved that woman! Jon, put- put mom on the phone!" Will finally rolled his eyes, seemingly relaxing. "Hey, mamma. No, no, don't worry, I'm fine. Yeah, you should see the other guy! ...I don't know, he got away." He rubbed his face. "I know, I know... I'll... try to get home ASAP, but... I don't know. 'Kay, love you too. Bye."

Jane smiled as Will hung up. "Aww, look at that... you still tell your mom you love her."

"What?" Will looked up. "Oh, yeah. It's, uh... a habit." He replied,



passing the phone back to Wheeler. "Hey, if you and Lucas are thinking about adopting, there's a nice orphanage I know!" He directed to the man, flopping down on the bench, his shirt riding up a little bit.

Jane froze, looking at him. That scar...

She only knew one person with a scar like that.

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*Many years ago...*

Twelve-year-old Jane Hopper walked aimlessly through the woods, walking alongside her friend, Will.

"Dangit, I don't wanna go back to school." Will muttered in a huff, grunting as he hopped over a tree stump.

"Me either." Jane agreed, twirling. "I hate it there."

"Welp, if we've gotta go back, we're gonna make the most of today!" Will decided. "Come on! I want to go to the dam!"

"The dam?" Jane repeated as Will approached the creek.

"Yep!" Will replied, approaching the log fallen over the stream. He didn't want to get into the water itself, so he climbed on.

Unknown to the two children, however, the log was old, rotting from the inside out, and despite all the times Will had used it to cross, this time... it gave way, and Will fell.

Onto the sharp branch sticking up from the water.

Jane recoiled, hands clamping over her mouth in terror. "WILL!"

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"No way..." Jane breathed, staring at the man in the cell.

Will tilted his head. "Sorry?"



“Will Byers...” Jane recognized, the old memory finally coming back to her. Fifteen years had taken its toll, did its changes...

But it was him.

“Yeah...” Will confusedly blinked. “That’s my name.”

Jane pointed at herself. “Jane Hopper.”

Will looked at her, almost demanding, before his jaw dropped, and he breathed in recognition. “No way... Janey!?”

“Will!” Jane laughed boisterously, “It’s really you!”

“Did you and I accidentally kiss under that blanket fort?” Will asked, trying to see if it really was her.

Jane blushed, quickly looking away.

“Oh my god, it is you!” Will laughed. “I can’t believe it! What’s up, how’ve you been all this time!?”

Jane shrugged. “Could be better... could be worse.”

“Walsh,” Wheeler suddenly entered, passing her some paperwork, “Good news. We found the guy. This one’s free to go.”

“Hey, that’s great!” Will jumped, up, ready to be let out. “Hey, what say we go to the bar, celebrate my freedom and catch up?” He suggested, looking hopeful.

“I...” Jane blinked. There was any number of excuses. The biggest that she was married, and going out on the town with another man would be a little bit of a faux pas at best.

...but then again, she stopped caring about Troy a long, long time ago.

“...would really like that.” Jane smiled, picking up from where she left off. “Just let me get this written up so you can go, and... we’ll do it.



Will grinned, and Jane felt butterflies in her stomach.

It had been too long since she'd seen her friend.



### 3. Chapter 3

It was, in essence, quite easy for Jane to sneak off to the bar. Well, she wasn't really sneaking. Sneaking implied she had something to hide, which she didn't. She wasn't about to hide catching up with an old friend, and even if she were, it's not like Troy was there to stop her in any event.

...and even if he was there to stop her, he couldn't. He stopped being able to do that a long... long time ago.

So, Jane got dressed, gussied up. Put effort into her appearance this time. Not that she let herself just sit and get frazzled, but she didn't care what Troy thought, and no one else was around to see her. Not like tonight.

So, she made the effort. Not caking her features in makeup but doing some touch-ups. Even the clothes she picked, though she would not realize it at the time, were subconsciously chosen to accent her appearance. Black pants and a colorful blouse, ostensibly the easiest combo, hugged her figure in just the right way.

For tonight, unlike all the others, she had a *reason* to care again.

Finally done, Jane grabbed her purse and keys, and headed out to her car. Troy still wasn't home...

That was fine by her. Maybe he'd finally gotten the hint and left. Good riddance to bad rubbish.

Admittedly, that was a little bit of wishful thinking... but regardless, Jane hopped into her car, and hit the road, her heart giddy in her chest as she drove.

It had been *fifteen years* since she'd last saw Will. Last saw him... and forgot about him, it seemed. She did admittedly feel bad about that. Even the best of friends don't forget about each other... but she had. Then again, in her defense, ever since he'd left, she'd had a lot to deal with in the intervening years.



She'd changed a lot. She wondered how he changed.

As she pulled up, Jane thought to herself that she was certainly about to get her answer.

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When Jane walked in, she was a little surprised to see Will already in there, sitting at the bar, looking at the door anxiously. She'd wondered why, but when he got up and rushed over, hugging her, she realized that perhaps he'd thought she wouldn't show up.

Jane, for a moment, thought about how to respond. Tease him for being an idiot and thinking she'd make a promise only to break it? No, no... the moment was too good. She didn't want to ruin it. This was the first time the two had been able to interact after a decade and a half without being separated by bars, after all.

So, instead, Jane smiled, bringing her own arms up to return it.

Will grinned, pearly-white teeth glimmering in the light as he looked her up and down. "Fifteen years... you really haven't changed a bit."

Jane pulled back, fixing him with a sarcastic look. She wasn't angry, but... she was going to tease him for this. "Really? I haven't changed?"

"Nope!" Will answered happily.

"So... you didn't recognize me for no damn reason then." Jane crossed her arms.

Will opened his lips to respond, smacking as his original response died in his mouth. "Ah..." He blinked, searching for a retort. "...Well, you didn't recognize me either."

"Oh, well..." Jane blushed, shaking her head, shoving him over to a seat. "I process so much paperwork, you've got no clue."

"Failing to recognize my name?" Will asked sardonically, keeping up a playful fight as he was pushed over to the bar.



“Will Byers is a common name!” Jane refuted, pushing him into the seat.

“Yeah, real common!” Will sarcastically replied, looking to the bartender. “Lemme get a... strawberry daquiri. And whatever the lady wants.”

“Same for me.” Jane answered as soon as the bartender turned to her. The bartender nodded, going off to get them, and she turned to Will. “Strawberry daquiri? Seriously?”

“Hey, you got one too!”

“I have an excuse, I’m a woman! It’s okay for me to drink girly drinks!” Jane retorted.

Will huffed, rolling his eyes. “Dude, we only just met back up, I ain’t about to run you off with Drunk Will.”

“Ah.” Jane nodded in understanding. “I was just teasing, anyway.”

“I’d hope so.” Will commented, as their drinks were brought out. Will took a sip of his frosty beverage, and looked to Jane. “So... Jane Walsh.”

“Eugh, don’t remind me.” Jane groaned, “If you gotta know, I got married... to Troy.”

“Troy.” Will repeated. “Troy *Walsh*? My god, I’m so sorry.” He laughed, before paling. “Oh shit, I didn’t overstep, did I? I’m so-“

“No, no, you didn’t.” Jane told him patiently, sighing. “If I’m being honest here... I’m not exactly happy about it either.”

Will frowned, tilting his head curiously. “Really? How come?”

“He’s stupid, annoying, thinks he gets free reign of everything, sanctimonious as all hell, bossy-“ Jane went off on a tangent, before cutting herself off, throwing her hands up. “I can’t *stand* him.”

“Then... why are you still married?” Will wondered.



“...I made a commitment.” Jane answered, looking down. “And... I keep my commitments. Even if they were ones I made as a stupid, horny teenager.”

“...A woman who keeps her promises.” Will smiled fondly, looking at her. “Glad to see that still hasn’t changed either. Even when we were kids, when you made promises... you kept them, no matter what.”

“Yeah... I didn’t figure it’d land me in trouble.” Jane regretfully grunted, slamming down on the counter. “God...” She rubbed her face in shame.

“You want to talk about it?” Will asked.

“No, no.” Jane shook her head. “You don’t want to hear about my problems. You’ll think I’m whining.”

“Jane,” Will gently took her hand, “I wouldn’t ask if I didn’t want to hear. You know that.”

Jane looked to his hand over hers, a small gesture, but... it might as well have been moving mountains. Even back during the old days, there wasn’t an excess of people who wanted to listen to her... save for Will. He always was there, to hear her problems. Offer some solutions.

Jane sighed, hand on her face as she figured out a place to start. “...I didn’t have a date for prom that year.” She began, thinking back to that night. “I was worried I was gonna be laughed at, having no one to go with. Then, Troy asked me... so I went with him. Me and him danced the entire night, and we kinda got... hot and heavy.” She covered her face with both hands, shaking her head. “We ended up having sex in the bathroom. And me, in my infinite teenage wisdom, thought that meant I loved him, and we should spend the rest of our lives together...” She shrugged hopelessly, looking at her hand, devoid of her wedding ring for the longest time.

Will kept silent, nodding as he followed along. “...You know, something similar happened to me.” He admitted, looking to her. “Jen Hayes, she was a girl who went to my school after I moved. We thought we loved each other, enough to get married, but... whoo,



boy.” He made a face, turning away. “Thing fell apart quicker than a car with all the bolts loose.”

Jane tilted her head. “You’re married too?”

“No, no, god no.” Will shook his head quickly. “We split.” He looked to her. “No point in trying to hold together a promise that had already been broken.”

“...I see.” Jane muttered, looking down into her drink. “...Gonna need more than a couple of these to make it through the night.”

Will laughed. “Yep, same here.”

Jane smiled, and ignored the thumping behind her ribcage, as she and Will began to drink, together.

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The two drunk quite a bit into the night, talking and catching up. Jane learned that Will had essentially moved after the Branch Incident because of his mom. Joyce had been looking for an excuse to get out of town for the longest time, and an injury because her child was able to play out in the woods, quite a bit away from anybody else, was exactly the excuse she needed to uproot and move to a city.

A shame, because Jane really did like Joyce. The woman had been nice, setting up pallets for her and Will to sleep in while they stayed up late at night watching old movies and eating candy.

Will, meanwhile, learned that Jane had gone to be a cop because of her dad, Chief Hopper. That wasn’t a surprise to him, really. Even when they were kids, Jane idolized her dad and his work. The only thing that could’ve conceivably been cooler to her was being a superhero, and that would’ve been a no-go because police weren’t allowed to work with superheroes because they were vigilantes.

As they talk, they drank. And as they drank, a warm, fuzzy, cloudy feeling of bliss descended upon them.

Eventually, it was closing time for the place... but the two were far too gone to be able to drive.



Still, they stumbled out. Jane took the lead, pulling Will along to her car.

“Y-“ Will hiccupped. “You’re naught good to drive, giv- give me yer keys...”

“No...” Jane shook her head, finally reaching her car. “I gotta get home somehow...” She turned around, about to say goodbye, before she stopped.

...she couldn’t leave again. Not him. Not again. She’d already lost him once, and now that she had him back... this was the best night she’d had in a while. A long while.

She didn’t want it to end.

So, instead, she grabbed him, pulling him down into a long, sloppy kiss.

She gasped, breaking, as her body was set alight. Not even Troy back during the start made her feel like that.

She wanted more... no, she *needed* more. So, she reached, opening the back door of the car, licking and kissing every part of Will’s face, before she sat down, laying and spreading on the back seat as far as she could.

“Will...” Jane breathed, looking at her old, but still best, friend. “Take me...”

“We... we probably shouldn’t be doing this...” Will swayed and staggered as he stepped forward, falling on top of Jane. Damnit, the back seat of the car was cramped.

...But laying there, looking down at her... Her natural beauty, her strong, constantly determined face, those legs in those... really, *really* tight black pants that left damn near nothing to the imagination.

Will’s upper head was immediately overridden by the lower head, springing to attention.

Jane reached up to his head, grabbing and pulling his lips to hers,



slipping her tongue inside. Will couldn't help himself, returning it, letting his hands wander. A long, long time ago, when he'd first been given the talk, he'd wondered what it'd be like, having sex with his long, distant friend...

Here he was, almost fifteen years later, his thoughts finally being made reality.

Jane, in a show of dexterity that could only come from her, reached down and undid her pants, slipping them down even as her and Will's mouths coupled in their own way. The cold air brushed by, causing her to shudder as it tickled her exposed pussy, the sparse hairs down below doing nothing to keep her warm... That would be fixed soon though. Quite soon.

Will, much more sloppily and shakily, undid his own pants, letting his dick spring free. Finally, he and Jane stopped, looking at each other.

She quickly licked her hand, going down to lube herself up more even though she was already soaking.

Will grabbed his throbbing cock, and lined it up with her dripping, aching cunt. A part of him screamed, but he could only ignore it. He was far too drunk... far too horny, and far too happy to stop. So what if she was a married woman? She had been his best friend, all those years ago.

After he'd gotten older, started dating... no matter who it was, boy, girl, whatever... His mind would always go back to her. Would always picture it was her soft, full lips he was making contact with, and now... now it was the real thing.

He'd be damned, before he'd stop himself. And so, there, in the back of Jane's own car, the woman wiggling her hips trying to get him to speed up, he lined his stiff member up with her pussy, eliciting a small, quick gasp from Jane, before he slid in, finally reconnecting with her after all these years.

"Oh, God..." Jane moaned, throwing her head back as Will slid in, fitting inside perfectly, yet also feeling like he was stretching her



wide open.

Will grunted, grabbing her hips as he thrust into her, stretching her already-full pussy further. Every thrust created a loud, slapping pop, perfectly representing the electric shocks both felt.

Jane gyrated, grinding her snatch into Will's cock more, trying to get him to go in even deeper. He brushed against a patch inside her pussy, different in texture to the rest of her, perhaps more rough, and immediately, the effect was apparent.

Jane's shaved, pale legs curled around Will's ass, locking him in place, before pulling him in further. The woman screamed as her orgasm came on strong, hitting her like a truck. Her every muscle spasmed, twitching as the feeling spread through her like a fire, setting every inch of her skin ablaze. The muscles in her vagina tightened too, clamping down on Will's cock like a hand, as her juices soaked freely into his skin. So too did Will reach the peak, cumming, flooding his old friend's pussy full of his seed.

Still, however, this was only the beginning. After only a short moment to catch their breath, Will began to move again. He slid into her easily, pushing her down into the seat with the force of his thrusts.

Jane let out gasps, gusts of air like she was being punched, but tinged with far more pleasure as Will sped up, putting her on the other end of the best pounding she'd ever received. He was rough, sure, but as he went on, he pressed a series of kisses to the crook of her neck, sending pleasant little tickles in with the more obvious strikes of hot, searing ecstasy that came from below every time he hammered her pussy.

As she was pounded, thrown around only slightly by Will, she unsteadily moved her arms to her upper body, fighting the urge to grab onto the seats and squeeze until her knuckles were white. She undid the buttons on her top, exposing her perky breasts, still contained in her white, lacey bra, to him. Her nipples, rock hard at this point, poked through the thin cloth, and she pulled the bra down, exposing them fully. Jane grabbed her breasts, squeezing them tight, and Will stared down, captivated by the way her tits bounced



and gave, being squeezed like firmer water balloons.

Will sped up, working himself to the edge...

Only to pull out. The skin on his cock moved up and down as his hand clamped down, jerking himself off, and he took aim. Thick streams of hot, greyish-whitish cascaded from the tip, sloppily shooting onto Jane's tits, falling into the valley between her breasts.

Jane sighed, closing her eyes regretfully, thinking him to be done...

Until she felt the thick rod slamming back into her, and her eyes shot back open. She looked over, peeking past her boobs, coated with an icing of cum, looking to Will. He was still going.

That's right... this was Will, not Troy.

Jane smiled happily, letting him take her. Troy felt good back when they were teenagers, but Will...

He was on a whole new level.

Will, meanwhile, was also thinking. As he went on, seeing her face set in a gentle smile, her eyes sparkling with delight, her lovely chestnut hair falling onto the seat...

She looked just like she had when they were kids. And that drove him wild. Will's hands squeezed down on Jane's hips, as he became more unable to control himself. He looked on, entranced, as Jane's boobs bounced hypnotically. He finally reached down, pinching her nipples. Jane gasped as the somewhat painful, yet oddly pleasurable sensations, sprung out from her breasts. Finally, he let go, and his hands went back down.

Jane looked up to the roof, wishing that Will had two cocks and a second set of hands so he could use those as well, before she felt his hand going over her asscheek. She looked down, and opened her mouth, only for the words to die as he slipped a finger in... then two... then three.

Jane's eyes watered, drool dripping from the corner of her mouth as Will's other hand smoothly caressed her labia, before he grabbed



onto her clit, pinching and squeezing it. His fingers plunging into her asshole, his cock driving into her pussy like a thick spike, his other fingers pinching the tip of her clit... it all became too much, and she came yet again, her pussy clamping down on Will's cock again, trying to milk him.

Will's body gladly obliged and released its payload, shooting the spurts of semen deep into her vagina, filling her pussy with his cum yet again. This time, however, he finally decided to pull out, gently falling on top of her.

She had been his best friend, his other half, and finally... they were back. Together... truly.

"Will..." Jane breathed, gently speaking in his ear. The alcohol, the drained stamina, it was finally getting to her, and to him as well, and the two were beginning to drift to sleep. But first, she had to say something. "I think I'm falling in love with you..."

"...I think I always have." Will confessed, rumbling into her ear. "Ever since we were kids. When I moved... it tore me to bits."

"Mmm-hmm..." Jane murmured in agreement. "Goodnight Will."

"Night... Janey." Will wished, falling into a blissful sleep next to her.